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NOTICE OF ENLARGEMENT.

Arrangements are in progress, and will shortly be completed, for the permanent enlargement of the RAMBLER to 24 pages.

THE DAILY PAPER.

Is a daily paper a great curse or a great blessing? And if it be in itself a great good, are the individual papers of the year 1848 a good or an evil?

Let us look the matter fairly in the face, and see whither our excessive devotion to periodical literature, in its most fugitive forms, is now hurrying us; and what truth there is in the sayings that are in every body's mouth on the enormous influence of the newspaper press.

Take up the *Times* of to-day, with its double sheet and supplement, and think on the gigantic mental and mechanical fact. Think who wrote it, and how they wrote it, and how it was printed and sold. It is a little library in itself. A generation of authors have toiled to produce it. An army of compositors and newsvenders have printed and distributed it. Look back twenty-four hours only, and remember that at that time only a small portion of this mass of words was in existence. A few days ago, and scarcely any of it was even thought of. *In two or three days it will be laid aside for ever.*

What an enormous—what a frightful amount of mental toil has thus been put in requisition during the last four-and-twenty hours, to accomplish one day's paper! One is bewildered by an attempt to reckon up all the people whose brains have been at work, to say nothing of the innumerable multitude of hands that have been set in motion in its service. There is the editor with his sub-editors; the reporters in parliament; the writers of the leading articles; the reporters of law and police; the reporters of theatrical and musical intelligence; the correspondents from the chief cities of Great Britain and Ireland, and of many parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the voluntary correspondents, who write long letters to please themselves, and are paid nothing; the reviewers of books and works of

art; the penny-a-liners and collectors of news generally; the receivers and arrangers of advertisements; and we know not how many more besides, all hard at work, day after day, week after week, month after month, toiling on and on, scarcely taking breath even on Sundays, ever striving to write "up to the mark," ever thinking of what will be said of their productions, ever considering what is the money-value of their efforts. Then to think of the machinery, the compositors, the readers, the pressmen, the printer's devils, the news-agents' porters, the news-agents themselves, the men who paste and write addresses, the boys that carry the papers about London, the people who take them to the post, the country-dealers and their assistants; and then to crown all, the tens of thousands of pairs of eyes which, in palace and coffee-room, in counting-house and in study, on the railroad and at the breakfast-table, rapidly turn over, and run through, and throw aside this Herculean production;—it turns one dizzy to try to realise the wheel within wheel, the innumerable pieces of machinery which are set in rapid motion, without rest or delay; and all for the sake of that which will last but a few hours. There are many great facts in the world, material, moral, intellectual, and spiritual; but there are few so strange, so marvellous, so mighty in their operation, as this one great fact of the nineteenth century.

But what is the result? What kind of thing is the consequence of this exaggerated speed and convulsive effort? What can people write who are compelled to put their thoughts on paper under this mighty stimulant? What is the tone of feeling, the current of thought, thus fostered and strengthened by this extraordinary system? Certain good results there are doubtless resulting from the existence and influence of the newspaper press. It were folly and Quixotism to deny the mighty aid that it lends to the progress of human happiness. The machinery of modern society, with its trade and commerce, its politics and its law, its amusements and its studies, could not exist for a week, did this potent instrument cease to work. To denounce, therefore, indiscriminately the powers of the newspaper, were no less than to raise a hue-and-cry against the particular development of modern civilisation in which we are placed by Providence, and to strive to bring back, with certain dreaming antiquarians, the forms of the middle ages, without their vivifying spirit.

But there are yet greater blessings which we owe to this gigantic engine. The daily press is a greater hindrance to individual enormities, and to the tyranny and the corruptions of the state, than at first sight appears. Shut out as a melancholy proportion of society are from the influence of all decency and of regard to the feelings of others, unquestionably there is a vast multitude upon whom the dread of that publicity, which the newspapers can in a moment confer, ever works with most salutary effect. True though it be, that scandalous abuses of this power are but too common; true though it be, that there is no man whose most private

affairs are *safe* from the prying eyes of editors and reporters, and that there is not one of us who might not find himself "shown-up" some morning for the edification and entertainment of all the world;—still the daily paper is a pedagogue, who, if he sometimes scourges the guiltless, and lays bare the secrets of the sensitive and retiring, yet holds his rod on high for the insolent, the scoundrel, the impostor, and the rogue. If the press is ever disgracing *itself* by personal invectives and absurd attacks upon ministers and law-makers, nevertheless we may comfort ourselves, when we are excited to a virtuous indignation by some of its outrageous improprieties, that but for its zeal, its courage, and perhaps its license, we should never have attained that measure of practical freedom and security from oppression which are our indefeasible heritage.

Granting, then, all this, we yet maintain that the excessive energy and rapidity with which the system of the daily press is worked out, is accompanied with evils of a most serious moment. It tends to the destruction of principle, to the worship of mere intellect, to violence, dogmatism, and personality, and to the substitution of humbug and superficial talk, for real, honest thought and knowledge. Who can deny this, who will fairly think over the manner in which a daily paper is conducted? Who *can* deny it, who possesses the slightest insight into human nature, and has ever heard of the details of newspaper machinery?

Take, for example, a solitary instance. The minister of the day brings forward a new and most important bill in the House of Commons. He finishes the speech, with which he introduces it, at twelve o'clock at night, or perhaps at one or even two o'clock in the morning. *On that speech and that measure, in the course of the next three or four hours an article must be written and printed.* The writer, who has sat listening with feverish attention to the ministerial harangue, catching its meaning as he can (for a minister's meaning is not often too clear, nor is his diction always the most transparent), hastens excited to his appointed room; concocts on the instant a decided and definite opinion on the measure he has heard announced; seizes his pen, writes with the utmost speed a slashing, a eulogising, a violent, or an apologetic, but at any rate a most positive and dogmatic article; scarcely reading it through, he hands it over to the printers, betakes him to his bed, and sleeps off the unnatural energy and labour, while thousands are forming their opinions upon the minister's speech and conduct from his most rash and headlong comments. Without time for thought, except as to what he shall *say*; without a calm half-hour, to allow reason and charity to suggest an idea,—his great care being to write "a good article,"—the overwrought contributor performs his anxious, perhaps his hateful, duty; hardly conscious, when he wakes the next morning, what view he really took on the subject of his lucubrations during the night.

Such is the spirit that reigns supreme throughout the details of the daily paper. In a few hours every thing that is noticed is to be criticised. A writer has scarcely time to read through the sentences in which he does his utmost to ruin a reputation. The speech, the letter, the book, the concert, the theatrical performance,—all are brought before this nocturnal tribunal, and handed over to the executioner in the dead of night. Every thing must be done on the instant, or not at all. The impatience of the reader will not let him wait four-and-twenty hours. He must not only know what has happened, but what his paper says upon it, before another sun can set.

In all truth and honesty, is not this a frightful power to see in incessant operation? What trash, what superficial nonsense, what absurd generalisations, what infamous unfairness, must be the inevitable result! What can be the value of a man's thoughts, when he criticises, writes, and has his work printed, in four or five hours; and that at a period of the night when nothing but an unhealthy excitement, a forced strain upon the nerves, a destructive habit of wakefulness, can keep his eyes open for ten minutes together? What is to become of the *thought* of a nation, when its opinions are formed in such a school as this? What kind of a tone of feeling will be cultivated? What will be the worth of the opinions of men who crave, with unsatisfied voracity, for ready cut-and-dried theories and "views" upon every subject, to save themselves the trouble of thinking; and insist on their production night after night, by the glare of gas, and within the very odours of the printing-press that is to give them instantly to the world? What wonder that they who batten upon this unhealthy food never thrive or work to any great result themselves? What wonder that the national mind grows more hasty and superficial every day; that we are captivated by every system-monger; that we are losing our own powers of systematising and examining the foundations of the plausible theories which audacity and folly would foist upon us? What wonder that so few people can think for themselves; that there is so much solemn cant and blarney, and so little true originality; so much profession, so little practice; such good intentions, with such contemptible achievements; so much talk, and so little philosophy and poetry?

But this is far from all the mischief. There is yet another and more fatal mischief, every day growing more rife. The worship of mere intellectual cleverness is the inevitable result of this headlong system. What *can* a man find to admire or respect in a daily paper, except its ready talent? By its own system it excludes every thing of a profound, noble, or solid character from its pages. Its readers must be "struck," or entertained, or irritated, or confounded, or carried away in a moment; or they throw aside the monster-sheet and walk away. The poor writer is forbidden to aim at any thing better than cleverness, both by the taste of his readers, and by the iron necessities of the engine of which he is one of the whirling wheels. Point, sarcasm, brilliancy, spirit, novelty, personality, and a power of making certain things *tell*; this is his stock in trade, the only wares that his customers will buy.

Look at the papers of any one day, and see why they are taken in and read. Do men judge them by any test but their ready cleverness? Do people leave off reading the *Times* because it is the most unprincipled of all journals? Will not those who detest its sentiments go on reading it as long as it maintains its reputation for mere ability? *Stupidity* would ruin the *Times* in a week; but so long as it continues the most amusing and the most clever of the daily papers, so long it may continue to advocate all the opinions under the sun, and only be counted more entertaining for its unblushing effrontery. The ability of the *Times* is the idol to which all the world is now bowing down.

Yet this adoration of mere talent is abhorred by God and every good and wise man. This exaggerated value for what is striking, for what puts the event of the hour in the most prominent position of honour or of contempt, is a sign of the age which every thinking mind must mourn to see. The worship of what is merely intellectually clever is as far removed from all that is connected with our highest destinies, as a

slavery to the grovelling enjoyments of sense. Be it never forgotten, that if the latter is the characteristic of the *brute*, the former is the characteristic of the *devil*. And the more we note what passes in the world, the more we see of the current literature, conversation, and conduct of the day, the more are we convinced that this subtle poison has extended its workings into men of every class and creed, and even sometimes to those whom one would believe to be proof against its most ensnaring approaches.

Another evil, though of a less baneful aspect, which is the consequence of the system we denounce, is to be seen in the excessively *negative* character of all newspaper speculations, and of those which are at all influenced by their example. The world abounds with fault-finding; but where are they who put any thing better in the place of that which they revile? The newspaper's vocation is to attack, to lay bare the follies and absurdities of the side which they choose to disown. Their leading articles abound with keen, caustic, and acute dissections of the blunders and inconsistencies of those they lash. But where is the journal that does more? Where is one found who can build, when he has destroyed the work of others? All we are taught are the crimes and stupidity of our opponents. We reckon not of our own incompetency. We see where they erred; but we will not take time to ascertain whether they could, as a matter of fact, have done better. All England is getting more and more negative every day. As a last resource, people are taking to admire every thing that is *earnest*. Carlyle is honoured as the profoundest of philosophers, who has brought to light a new and precious truth, because he has expounded the dignity of labour, and given us a list of "heroes" after his own heart. This is the height of the popular philosophy, poetry, and religion. All men are thought right who are earnest and consistent; there is nothing positive, eternal, and true in all creation; and wisdom does not consist in attaining to the knowledge and love of what really *is*. Wisdom! do we say? alas! "wisdom" is not a word to be often found among the newspaper worshipping world. It is loved by those who *think*, before they talk and write. It is the dearly-loved possession of those who know, that both yesterday and to-morrow are to be borne in mind, as well as to-day. It is disappearing before the steam-press, and passing away into the region of things that were.

The daily press, in a word, is formed for attack and defence. It is an engine of warfare. It is the instrument of those who struggle. In this way it works marvels; and we count it not only the wonder, but in some senses the blessing of the age. But when it intrudes into the province of thought; when it becomes the substitute for other kinds of study; when it generates a rash, meddling, hasty love for theories constructed at a moment's notice, and a frame of mind which seems to disbelieve in the existence either of a past or a future,—its influence becomes a curse to those who yield themselves to its merciless powers.

If any one doubt how small is the importance of the daily paper to form any definite or positive opinions—to plant fair flowers in that garden which it may weed from thistles and nettles—let him call to mind the work which the *Times* has accomplished during the last few years. Almost its whole work has been to destroy. It has been powerless to influence the nation, except in the way of irritation and agitation. It is often alleged as a want of principle in the *Times*, that as the weathercock follows the breath of the wind, but never causes it to blow, so this journal never leads, but ever watches and

obeys the popular opinion of the hour. Yet we suspect that this pusillanimity springs as much from a consciousness of its inability to propound and advocate any thing that is inherently great, systematic, or influential, as from any deliberate anxiety to sail with the favourable breeze. Still, on whatever grounds, its course has been and is like the excursion of the foraging party of an invading host. It sweeps away all around, leaving desolation in its track. It makes no conquests; it only carries fire and sword into the hostile camp. It was furious, often with reason, against the Poor-law; but was chary enough of suggesting any practicable and less faulty amendment. It hounded on the rabble of a few towns and villages in an anti-surplice war; but had no definite religious doctrines to substitute for the fond ceremonial trifling which roused its ire. When all the world had made up their mind on the Corn-law question, it came in to swell the cry, and add its personalities to the arguments which had been advanced by better men. It joined in the assaults against Dr. Hampden; but its own theological views are still more indistinct and invisible than the orthodoxy of the doctor himself; and when Hampden had fairly won the day, the newspaper took to its proper vocation, and turned all parties into a jest. On the currency question it scarcely ventured an opinion, having none to offer, and no large interest to give it the cue. But the most striking proof of its helplessness, when not fighting as a gladiator in the arena, is to be seen in its treatment of Irish affairs. It attempts nothing for the good of Ireland. It can send a "Commissioner" to lay bare the nakedness of the land; but it can find no garments wherewith to cover it. With the most reckless wickedness, it can irritate the English mind against the Irish people in general; but not one definite idea has it conveyed to its readers of any feasible plan for ameliorating Irish misery. Beyond a showy article, tacked on to an occasional meeting, or letter, or parliamentary report, all that it has for Ireland is the staff of the policeman, or the sabre of the dragoon. The influence of the *Times* in keeping up a horrible feeling of hatred between the two nations, we count to be one of the greatest misfortunes of the day.

Yet its systematic exclusion of every fact which may open the eyes of its English readers to the piety or sufferings of the Irish poor and the Irish clergy, and of every topic which might soothe the wounded feelings, and calm the unreasonable anger, of those who deem themselves the victims of a nation of persecuting tyrants, is but a consequence of the system of which it is at once the abettor and the slave. It cannot, it must not, it dare not be upright, fair, and religiously truthful. It would not *sell*, did it renounce its office of an ardent advocate, and assume any thing more than the bare semblance of judicial candour. Proprietors, editors, and contributors, all are in bondage to a ruthless taskmaster; an exacting, reckless, unthinking public, which cries for its daily portion of pretended philosophy and common sense, dished up with the piquant sauce of satire, personalities, and jests. However respectable, however acute, however Christian-like be the men who are doomed to this cruel servitude, their conscience and their feelings must be unsparingly set aside before they can pretend to lead the daily press, or affect to influence the public mind, or succeed in making their speculations a profitable concern.

And what is true of one, is more or less true of all who have yielded themselves to the stern necessity of *pleasing*. In the *Times*, all the peculiar characteristics of the daily paper appear in their excess. In size, in

sale, in system, in intelligence, in ability, in recklessness, in effrontery, in power for mischief, in incapacity for inculcating what is lasting and profound,—it has attained and preserves a bad pre-eminence. Yet it is but one of a class, all in a measure the victims of that public which they assume to govern; the slaves of that appetite for what is rapid, showy, and effective, which is the great temptation of our day, and against which every man of courage and Christian principle ought to strive with his utmost nerve.

Scenes in London.

A COURT IN OXFORD STREET.

PASSING along Oxford Street, near its Holborn termination, late one evening last October, I was accosted by a young woman, whose tale is known to many a London pedestrian, with her usual entreaty, that I would “come and see her poor dying mother.” At the moment I suspected the girl’s sincerity, and half believed that she was, what I have since found her to be, a mere begging impostor. As it was, however, the appeal being then new to me, I thought she might possibly be telling the truth, and followed her up a street close by, first into an alley, and then into “—Court,” at its upper end. The instant that I had turned to follow my petitioner, I fancied I saw that she was taking me in. She seemed hardly to know where to lead me, and soon began hinting that I had better *send* her “poor mother” a shilling to buy a little tea and sugar. My courage, too, I must confess, began to fail; for I had lately been poring over various parliamentary and police reports, telling frightful tales of the wretchedness and awful crimes of London, and especially of the very neighbourhood I was now approaching. But I had little time for reflection, for as we turned into “—Court,” the girl disappeared.

I strained my eyes in every direction to search, by the dull gaslight, for some token of her movements; but all in vain. I stood in the middle of a short and narrow passage, thick with London fog and smoke, and reeking with odours too disgusting to specify; a solitary lamp scarce revealing the misery of the dilapidated houses around. A man was walking slowly and feebly just before me, a poor half-starved dog with a string around its neck, leading and guiding him, and betraying the fact, that at least there was one blind beggar in London who was no impostor. The sight of his most manifest wretchedness turned my thoughts from speculating about my own perils in this lonely place, and without exactly knowing why I did it, I followed the poor man a few steps. At the end of the court was a low wall—a somewhat unusual sight in a part of London where every spot of earth is usually covered with houses, good and bad. At the door of the tenement that abutted on this wall the blind man stopped, and gently and feebly knocked, while the little dog scratched almost as feebly as his master, and whined in melancholy tones.

Not knowing why I did it, I still kept near them; and while they knocked and scratched—for the door was not yet opened—my ear caught sounds on the other side of the wall, a noise of digging, of the dragging of what seemed heavy wood, with an occasional oath or murmur of ill-humour. A dim lamp also at some little distance shewed that there was a certain space of ground without any apparent buildings. I could not, indeed, observe very closely, not only from the dull, smoky thickness of the air, but from a certain stifling, singular influence that the closeness of the place began to exercise upon me. I *suspected*, however, what I afterwards found to be the case, that the wall was the boundary of a grave-yard, attached to an obscure meeting-house; and that here the lonely dead exerted a fatal power on the health and the existence of the poor creatures who still lingered in life about them.

The blind man continuing his knocking, and receiving no reply, I could not bring my heart to go away without speaking to him.

“Let me knock at the door for you a little louder,” I said.

As he turned his darkened eyes upon me, without

saying a word, I struck the decayed panels with my stick, till the little court echoed; while the hollow sound from within told too plainly that the house, though inhabited, knew little of the luxury of furniture of any kind. Still no one came or spoke. The poor man began to tremble; his little guide shewed all a dog’s signs of impatience; I shook the door violently, till the rusty latch within gave way; and, helping the beggar over the threshold, without scruple I walked in before him. In the fireplace, in a grate formed with a couple of iron bars, let into the soot-covered masonry, struggled the faint embers of a handful of burning coals; close to the chimney stood a low, three-legged table, on which lay a plate, and the manifest preparations for the blind man’s frugal supper, with a lighted rushlight all but burnt out; two wretched chairs were all the rest of the furniture; and on the floor was stretched, as she had fallen, a young child, decently but thinly dressed, either dead or in a fainting fit.

“Ellen, Ellen!” cried the beggar; “why did you not open the door when I knocked so loud?—Ellen, where are you?” he went on, as she spoke not.

“The poor child is ill,” I said, seeing the poor man’s evident alarm, and stooping over the lifeless girl, to look her in the face and lift her from the filthy floor. But I need say nothing of the blind man’s wretchedness and almost frantic terror, when he found that his child was really insensible; for I speedily perceived that at least she was not yet dead. By the dim light I saw enough to assure him that she had only fainted; and set about doing what I could to restore the child. Making the old man—for he was old through misery, though not from years—making him sit down, I laid his daughter between his feet, and rested her cold head upon his trembling arms, while I looked for water, and tried to open the little dingy curtainless window. The door had closed of its own accord; and would not stand open of itself unheld, and in my hurry I never thought of setting the second chair against it, but strove to let in a little air through the window. The sash, however, would not move; and I saw in a moment that it was never opened. Turning, then, to look for the water, I searched in every corner of the room, and in a little closet at the back, almost filled with a miserable pallet-bed; but no water could I see. Sick, myself, with the close and detestable atmosphere, I roused the sobbing father, and begged him to say where water could be found. “There is none in the house,” said the blind man through his tears. “Ellen always fetches what we want from a pump three streets off; and I dare say she has been too ill to get it in to-night.”

“Here is a *sanitary fact*,” thought I, as I turned over every scheme I could think of for reviving the fainting child. I knew nothing of these courts, I never had been among them in my life before; I could hardly bring myself to leave the blind man and his senseless burden even to run for water. But while I racked my brain, and took the little, thin, cold, pale hands into my own, Ellen opened her eyes, looked at her father with a faint smile, moaned, and again swooned away. The father himself, though he could not see it, with the exquisite sense of touch of the blind, had felt a slight tremour in her frame; and, unable to speak, only burst into a fresh flood of tears. The second fainting was soon over; the child by degrees revived, while I looked on, and thought of my own children, and wondered how I could ever complain of our little family troubles and vexations.

When Ellen was thoroughly recovered, and had heard my explanation of the way I came to be there, the poor child’s only thought seemed to be her father’s cold and untempting supper, as she reproached herself with her weakness in giving way to the swoon that had overpowered her. I could say little; I am a grievous hand at talking to the poor;—I always feel as if it was a mockery to attempt to comfort them with words, when my warm clothing and well-fed figure attest the fulness of my own purse:—all I could do was to utter one or two commonplaces which I blushed to employ, and then to walk hastily back into Oxford Street, to hunt out an eating-house, and go back with a boy, carrying a warm supper, and beer, and to send in a supply of water for at least one night. An engagement at

home would not let me linger more; and I went away with a sad heart, promising to come again the next day.

The following morning, however, found me laid up myself with a short illness. When, after two or three days, I could get out again, my first walk was to — Court. I looked well at the outside of the house by daylight, and saw that the blind man's hovel was but part of a tall, wretched house, though it had a separate door, and had no communication with the general staircase. The door was closed when I got there, but opened when I pushed it, the broken latch being still unrepaired. On the bed in the dark closet lay poor Ellen, alone; a small black tea-pot, with the remains of a broken spout, was on the three-legged table by her bedside, with a tea-cup and saucer, of the dingy yellow ware which is the crockery of the very needy, and a tiny basin with a trifle of the brownest of sugar. From this tea-pot the child at times poured a few drops of what was called tea, and moistened her feverish lips.

I saw in a moment that her sun was going down. There seemed no actual disease; but there was no *life* in her. She told me that her father had been forced to go out that morning to beg a few pence, for his savings had all gone since the night I had seen her. My heart smote me that I left them with only a supper. But regrets were unavailing, and I proceeded to question her about herself and her father. The parish-doctor, I found, had done nothing for her. Afterwards I learned that he was so overwhelmed with work, while his salary was so disgracefully small, that it was a literal impossibility that he should attend on every one who needed him. Of course he hardly knew of the existence of Ellen and her blind father.

Here, therefore, she had lain, tended by that dark parent, since her fainting on the first night I saw her. She could not eat; she could scarcely drink. She told me, when I questioned her, that she never had known the window of their room to be opened; and when the door was not closed, she said there was a faint smell that came in from the burial-ground that made them shut it again instantly. Her mother had died when she was an infant; and two sisters had followed her to the grave. Her dress was manifestly barely sufficient for decency, much less for warmth. They lived, she told me, on bread, potatoes, with an occasional onion or two; except when folks gave her father some broken meat in his wanderings.

Two things struck me with a chill upon my heart. Ellen seemed wholly ignorant on two subjects. The one was *play*, the other was *religion*. I saw at once that she had never breathed fresh air, that she had never for a single day been properly clothed, that she had never known health or the cheerful animal spirits of a child, that she only just knew that there was a God. Yet she seemed never to have done any harm. I felt confident that she loved her father, as his only child and his only *friend*. But for the rest, her heart was as desolate as her miserable dwelling. I could not make out that she had ever had any positive complaint, or that any actual disease was now killing her. But for the joy that her heart had found in loving and serving one dear object, she would never have known what it is to smile. Before I left the Court that morning, I made arrangements with a decent-looking woman to take Ellen under her care; and I went away, turning in my mind how it might be possible to get her a little religious instruction. I could not learn whether she had ever even been baptised.

That evening I attended a public meeting at —, on the great Sanitary Question. I heard much speaking, and assisted to pass several resolutions; but I could not make out at the time that there was a prospect of any thing being *done*; nor do I believe that the people concerned in this meeting have ever done any thing but talk. I myself told the story of little Ellen and her father; and plenty of people admitted that human life could not be supported in such a den and in such a neighbourhood as — Court was known to be. Others hinted at the Rev. Mr. —'s vested rights in the burial-ground; others talked of the expense of sanitary changes; others roundly rated the poor themselves; others said it was all humbug, and the poor of 1847

could live as well as the poor in 1747. But, as I observed, nothing was actually done.

The following morning my own occupations kept me a prisoner the whole day; but on the subsequent day, a Sunday, immediately after breakfast I again saw Ellen. Rather, I should say, I saw her lifeless frame. The tender life had departed during the previous night. The parish-officer was in the room, giving directions for the funeral. The poor father sat by the fireless hearth, barely conscious of what went on. He could scarcely answer me, or understand what I said. Going back into Oxford Street and Holborn, I passed through crowds of men and women, swearing, scuffling, jesting, and hastening to and fro. The hour of divine service was closing the gin-shops for a short space; but no other token, save the shutters on the shop-windows, told that it was a day of rest and happiness. The only beings of a somewhat decent order were a few policemen, in their blue dress, with stiff and rigid gait. The misery and the vice of the whole scene struck me more forcibly than ever before; yet, thinking on what I had witnessed and learnt in — Court, I could hardly condemn a soul; I could not be surprised; I saw that from such a nursery for the children of the poor nought could proceed but ignorance, gloominess of spirit, and that wretched nervous depression of heart and body, which drives the unfortunate sufferer to the gin-shop and the low gambling-house, and to every den of pollution and sin, for the sake of a few moments' excitement and stimulus to his shattered nerves. Poor little Ellen was to be counted supremely happy, by comparison, in being kept free as a child from the knowledge of what went on immediately around her, and in being taken away before she had ceased to be a child. Her story is the story of tens of thousands, while tens of thousands more only survive the sorrows of childhood to swell the drunken crowd I passed through on that Sunday morning.

A.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

YESTERDAY week, Mr. John Calcott Horsley, a young artist whose successes in the various Westminster-Hall competitions have already brought his name favourably before the public, delivered a lecture in the Great School, at Somerset House, on Colour, and somewhat more incidentally on Form. He exhibited a great many exquisite illustrations, several beautiful pictures by Landseer, Mulready, Webster, &c., and many diagrams illustrative of his subject, prepared with great skill. One, in particular, was a large circle variously coloured with primary, secondary, and tertiary tints; and so contrived that the point of an index, revolving on a pivot in the centre, might be directed to any particular hue, and at the same moment the other end would serve to indicate the simple or compound colour necessary to complete the chromatic scale, and resolve its harmonies. There was much about this exhibition that was calculated to excite emotion, much to furnish food for earnest hope. Seated in the once so well-known "large room" of the old Somerset-House exhibition was a large assembly of young and eager-looking men, and a smaller proportion of apparently intelligent women: around them on the walls, and in the galleries, were hung and placed drawings, casts, and models of all kinds of beautiful objects; before them were their masters, and some few whose career had arrived at the season of fruit, while theirs was but in the blossoming state; and standing up to teach them, was one whose instructions were as practical and concise as his thoughts were broad and comprehensive. Surely all this must do good; men, young and in earnest, cannot have such advantages as these put before them and no good come of it. Should they, in their turn, ever produce works at all resembling the creations of art by which they are habitually surrounded, we, in our turn, shall be benefited. If it be possible once to elevate the character of the scholar, we shall hear no more of the ignorance or quackery of the professor. Once raise the workman to a fair pitch of intelligence and observation, endow him in fact with the sixth sense—reason—and it will be impossible for vulgar assurance to snatch its legitimate birthright from talent and real capability.

Mr. Horsley divided his address into two portions; the first, on the general principles of study—recognising the necessity of making it as universal as possible,—teaching every student to become an artist ere commencing his career as a manufacturer—warning them that carelessness and conceit must for ever deprive them of the honours attendant on the successful cultivation of art, leading to feeble conventionality and mannerism, instead of vigour and individuality of style; inciting

them onward by the example of the patient perseverance of such men as Landseer and Mulready, perhaps the most accurate expositors of nature, though varying so diametrically in their mode of attaining the *ultimatum*, imitation. He touched with caustic ridicule on the shallowness of imagining that any course of study from nature, without the most elaborate observation of her half-hidden modest graces, could ever lead to freedom of execution. He remarked that, as the enthusiastic professor of the noble art of Berlin wool-work is accomplished in tent-stitch, cross-stitch, &c., so is the fashionable drawing-master of the present day provided with a stock of "touches," wherewith any kind of drawing may be produced at the shortest notice; such as oak-touch, elm-touch, ash-touch, &c., but that the most valuable of all appeared to be a kind of corkscrew-touch; *apropos* to which, he related an amusing anecdote of Mr. Constable, the landscape-painter, who, on being asked by some anxious father, why his daughter's sketches of trees did not resemble the subject from which they had been taken, replied, that it was probably because the young ladies had forgotten to put the trees in curl-papers the preceding night.

In the second part of his address, the lecturer entered briefly into the theory of chromatics, and then recommended strongly the cultivation, by constant exercise, of that natural perception of colour with which almost every individual is endowed; more particularly in this climate, where hues are naturally sombre, and where our modern costume is so eminently colourless. The study, he declared, was important exactly in the ratio of the difficulties we experience in England in the *intuitive* education of the eye. After characterising practically the vehicles of expression in art, he concluded by developing slightly his own proposed system of instruction, and impressing on the students the necessity of constant and unwearying industry.

It would be indeed well for us to take to our own individual bosoms this wholesome advice. If every one of us were but to establish "a school of design" in our own breasts—if we were but to cultivate moral and physical beauty in our walks and ways, we should hear no more of want of appreciation of, and want of sympathy with, the frailties and weaknesses incident to the highly nervous and artistic temperament, and those "pains that patient merit of the unworthy take" would die into an echo.

THE LATE MR. DISRAELI.

THE republic of letters has just lost one of its most ancient names. Disraeli, the father of the author of *Coningsby* and *Tancred*, was gathered to his ancestors a few days ago, at his seat, Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire. It is not often that a father and a son are both so celebrated in the literary world as the elder and younger Disraeli. Genius generally seems to die out in a single generation. Nevertheless, no two minds could well be more dissimilar, viewed under their mere literary aspect, than those of the two Disraelis. Every body knows what the younger is; how he maintains that all possible, practical, and actual perfection is concentrated in the Hebrew race, *i. e.* his own; how he puffs the "Mosaic Arabs," as he calls them, in novel after novel, exalting the race of Israel in general, and Baron Rothschild in particular; how he lays about him in the House of Commons, lashing the free-trading Peel, and eliciting shouts of laughter from all sympathising monopolists; and how, lastly, he has lately written a fresh novel in praise of Jews, so marvellously nonsensical and so acutely shrewd, that nobody knows whether he is in jest or in earnest.

Disraeli the elder was a man of a very different stamp; and of a stamp which, with all its faults, we grieve to see becoming every day more rare. He lived in the *old* world of letters. He was essentially a man of books. He was cast in the same mould as Robert Southey and Dr. Dibdin, though with less mind than the former and more mind than the latter. Abounding in every kind of quaint, singular, and interesting *library* knowledge, he has given to his generation and to posterity a set of *collectanea* which are already counted among our English Classics. The "Curiosities of Literature," the "Quarrels of Authors," the "Calamities of Authors," the "Illustrations of the Literary Character," and the "Amenities of Literature," are found on the shelves of every library that aspires to be called at once select and complete. Besides these gatherings from the writers of every age and nation, the elder Disraeli wrote many things which time has not consecrated. In his 16th year he addressed a poetical epistle to Dr. Johnson, and in after years many poems

and satires, articles in the *Quarterly Review* (of which the most famous was a vindication of the morals and genius of Alexander Pope), a most learned series of "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.," with sundry works of fiction, such as "Mejnoun and Leila," "Vaurien," and the squib called "Flim-flams." The "Curiosities of Literature" is his most celebrated production; and though somewhat redolent of the *Museum* flavour, and containing (to most tastes) more curiosities than entertainment, it is a book well worth having and occasionally looking into.

Mr. Disraeli was professedly a man of the purely literary taste. He eschewed politics, religion, and all other similar exciting matters—at least so he told us. As such, if such had been the fact, he would not have been without his real value; though we must own that the devotee to unmixed literary studies is a being with whom we have little sympathy, while he is not unfrequently a source of great mischief to every thing that is highest and noblest in our nature. With Disraeli, however, the case was not so. Professing not to touch upon religious matters, he treated them with a perpetual sneer. We think we hardly go too far when we say that he disliked religion, except that miserable soulless form of it which never interferes with a man's own faith and practice. Many of his books—though nominally simple collections of curiosities, and instructive extracts, and reflections—abound with passages which display what we must think a most detestable spirit of sarcasm against strict religion in general, and especially against every thing which their author was pleased to denominate superstition. To the candour and investigation of an historian, except in his "Commentaries," Mr. Disraeli made no pretence; he therefore puts down every strange, offensive, and discreditable story which may prove a curiosity, with little or no regard to its truth or falsehood, and evidently pleased rather than otherwise if it could throw a slur upon the faith of Catholics. Whether Mr. Disraeli called himself a Jew or a Christian nobody we believe exactly knows. We should say that he was neither the one nor the other; but that if he worshipped any thing, he worshipped books. But whatever was his nominal creed, we do not hesitate to say, that interesting, instructive, and valuable as are his writings, they contain a certain mixture of profaneness, and hostility to Christian truth, of which every one ought to be aware before he places them in the hands of the young or ill-informed.

Of course, we say all this as judging only by Mr. Disraeli's published writings. His private life may have been formed on a far more unblameable model.

MR. COCKERELL AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FROM the character of their constitution as high courts of appeal in all scientific and artistic causes, and the nature of the educational duties required of them, all societies instituted by authority, and maintained by a certain reputation for infallibility, must be to a considerable degree averse to the adoption of any systems of instruction varying with preconceived ideas; while they will be yet more disinclined to allow the entrance of any new element into their established and recognised code of opinions. We must, then, regard as a very high indication of the pressure from without, the fact that not only at the last distribution of prizes at the National Gallery was the gold medal awarded to the originator of an architectural design of Gothic character; but that in the present session, the subject principally dwelt on by the architectural professor, Mr. Cockerell, in his three lectures already delivered, has been that of our watchword, "progress," and the necessity for the admixture of some "heterodox" mediæval leaven with the heretofore eminently classical "orthodoxy" of the last fifty years.

In his public address, delivered on Thursday the 20th inst., this gentleman (whose qualifications as both artist and man of letters are doubtless well known to the large majority of intelligent observers of, and commentators on, the spirit of the age) took occasion, in an extremely interesting, though in many respects a very unequal performance, to allude to the existing state and future prospects of the art of architecture in this country. He considered that the tendency of the studies entered on by the student of the present day leant in perhaps a somewhat too exclusive manner to the peculiarities and detail of mediæval design, and scarcely sufficiently dwelt on the great works of the revivers of classical art, of Alberti, Brunelleschi, and Cæsarianus, and, above all, on the works of the immortal

Vitruvius, whose writings he regarded as to a great extent the basis of the structural theory of those noble intellects, who, during the whole of the middle ages, "witched the world with noble architecture." He stated, that in entering on an investigation of the connexion existing between the Vitruvian dogmas and the mediæval practices, he had found mention and reference made to the immortal Augustan in a manuscript of the 10th century, and again in others of A.D. 1284 and 1420; and related several anecdotes, proving the esteem in which his writings were universally held in Italy, at even very remote periods. He commented at some length on the value of Cæsarianus' great commentary on Vitruvius, and by reference to many plans and sections of Gothic cathedrals, endeavoured to establish a coincidence between their geometric and structural properties, and the rules laid down by Vitruvius and his early commentators. He cited the cathedrals of Milan, Ratisbon, and Westminster, the churches of San Petronio at Bologna, and the Liebe Frau at Nuremberg; and demonstrated many individualities apparently corresponding with the Vitruvian system in some slight degree, and very manifestly denoting a deep, and, perhaps, masonic appreciation of the properties of proportion inherent in certain geometrical figures, such as the square and triangle. The latter, in conjunction with the form of the cross, he recognised as the only legitimate sources of symbolism actually adopted by the ancient architects, regarding more abstruse mysticism as the elimination, from existing monuments, of perhaps beautifully poetical ideas, by the ingenuity of enthusiastic visionaries.

Now though, in all his "facts and fancies," we could not quite follow Mr. Cockerell, yet it was really refreshing to hear him, "the noblest Grecian of them all," speaking so learnedly and in so kindly a spirit of Gothic art. It was only a little while ago, "when Greek met Goth, then came the tug of war;" but from this time, let us hope that the snarling "Ecclesiologist" mode of discussion may be abandoned, and that differences of opinion, however great, may be expressed in a somewhat more charitable manner. It is through this medium alone that real good can be effected; and we, in common with the Professor of the Royal Academy, may then hope for the production of truly great works. How derogatory is it to the characters of the students of such an art as beauty—the visible embodiment of the idea of peace, present and to come—that most of their disputes relative to her nature should be carried on rather after the manner of dogs fighting for a bone, than as good and sensible men should investigate a matter, in the successful issue of which all of every tenet are equally interested. We earnestly wish it was in our power to recal the eloquent words in which Mr. Cockerell sketched the ennobling character of architectural art: he stated it to be the most godlike of the three sisters, and essentially creative, in the necessity that wisdom, forethought, and regularity should stamp all its productions; he shewed that it thus shared the lofty prerogative of the Contriver of all good things; and that by an intense study of its real nature and principles, we might be led to the conviction, that truth, moral, poetical, and mathematical, is but one and the same thing.

Reviews.

RANKE'S PRUSSIAN HISTORY.

History of the Prussian Monarchy, from its rise to the present time. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by Professor Demmler. 8vo. Vol. I., Parts I. and II. London, Newby.

FEW foreign writers, at least upon grave subjects, have been more fortunate in English translators than Leopold Ranke. His *Popes of Rome* and his *Germany during the Reformation* were both thought worthy of two distinct translations within a few months after publication; and the *Prussian History* had scarcely made its appearance in Germany, when two rival houses in England entered the lists for the privilege of publishing the English translation. If we have chosen to take Professor Demmler's translation as the text of our present notice, it is not with any intention of contrasting the rival versions, much less of expressing any opinion as to their respective value. If we may judge from the past performances of Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, we can have little hesitation in predicting that their joint translation of Ranke's History must be every thing that taste and scholarship can make it; and, on the other hand, as far as a hasty glance at that of Professor Demmler enables us to judge, we are disposed to pronounce a very favourable opinion of its substantial merit, though it is not entirely free from a certain stiffness and affectation, from which, perhaps, it would be unreason-

able to expect a foreigner to be exempt. There is one circumstance, however, connected with both translations, to which attention has been called by a correspondent of one of our contemporaries, and which we think it right to notice, not alone for its own sake, but also for its bearing upon foreign literature generally. We refer to the liberty which both have taken with the title of the original. The author entitles his work, *Nine Books of Prussian History*; a form not only sufficiently unusual to imply, by its singularity, some special and definite motive for its selection, but also, we think, indicating with sufficient clearness what that special motive must have been. Now the authors of both translations have thought proper to overlook this indication of the author's views in composing his work: the one being broadly entitled *The History of Prussia*; and the other, with a still more significant departure from the original, *A History of the Prussian Monarchy, from its rise to the present time*. Although to some it may appear hypercritical to notice this apparently trivial inaccuracy, we do not hesitate to say, notwithstanding, that both the one and the other version of the title materially alters the character of the work, and misrepresents not only the view and object with which it is written, but also the order and method observed in its composition.

To those who are familiar with Ranke's former publications, it is unnecessary to observe, that he is much more of an essayist or dissertator than a historian. Not that his histories are not connected and continuous, and do not contain the ordinary details of facts and persons and events which constitute the common material of historical composition. But all this is done in the form not of a historical narrative, but of a great historical essay, which has one defined purpose from the beginning to the end, and which binds every thing throughout its course to the illustration and enforcement of this purpose. None, for example, can hesitate to say that, from the beginning to the end, from the title-page to the index, from Alexander VI. to Clement XI., every single line of *The Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* was written with the view of establishing the secular character and tendencies of the Papacy. The title which he selected conveys this view significantly enough. On the other hand, the title which he chose for his work on the Reformation appears to have been selected for the purpose of disclaiming, at least by implication, any strong religious views of the subject.* It is but justice, therefore, to an author who seems to consider carefully the wording of his title-page, and to attach a definite meaning to the form in which he moulds it, to present him to the foreign reader, for whose benefit his work is translated, in the character and under the designation under which he himself has chosen to be known at home.

Professor Demmler's translation as yet reaches only to the close of the second of the nine books into which the work is divided. It opens with a brief and exceedingly sketchy view of the early history of Prussia, or rather of the March of Brandenburg, to which the author has made all the rest subordinate. We must own our disappointment at the absence of all details of the history of the Teutonic knights in Prussia Proper, not only because it is a subject full of interest in itself, but because it is impossible not to regard this remarkable order as the founder of that territorial power which has since risen to such a rank among the nations of Europe, and which, amid all its successive aggregations of territory, has never lost the name which it bore when it was first placed under their jurisdiction.

Professor Ranke's history, however, cannot be said to commence till the accession (1640) of the Elector Frederic William, to whom Prussia owes most of its subsequently acquired greatness. To the earlier events,—the rule of the Teutonic order, which dates from the early part of the thirteenth century; the partial revolt of the people, and their transfer of allegiance to Poland, in 1454; the selfish and treacherous policy of the grandmaster Albert, who, embracing the reformed religion in 1525, consented to receive the feudal investiture of the

* *Germany during the Reformation*; a title with which Mrs. Austin took a similar liberty, having rendered it *The Reformation in Germany*. We must say, however, that as regards this work there is but little practical difference. It is Protestant enough to deserve even a more unequivocal designation.

Duchy for himself and his descendants as vassals of the Polish crown;—to these events he can hardly be said even to allude. In what regards the history subsequent to the Reformation he is far from satisfactory. There is one statement, however, which is too important to be overlooked:

"Under these circumstances the German secular princes roused themselves to the greatest achievement, on the whole, which their body has ever entered upon.

"Nobody will derive the religious or theological idea which led to the reformation of the Church from the designs of the German princes; its origin sprang from an incomparably deeper source; but the princes and estates gave to this undertaking a strong basis, and all that support which it needed in order not to be crushed in its very birth.

"Its original idea was of universal German tendency. It was intended that the imperial power, which in its then weakened state was administered only in a one-sided and insufficient manner, should be reformed by a more vigorous co-operation of the estates, and brought back to a more energetic and efficient state. But as in pursuance of this task abuses also of the spiritual power were encountered, the idea proceeded one step farther, and the next thought was to reform the latter as well as the secular one, and to bring it nearer the nation, agreeably to the views of the teachers dissenting from the tenets of the old doctrine.

"Most of the secular princes gave their consent; the imperial towns, with a few exceptions, joined them; by far the greater part of the nation cheerfully agreed to it. But, as was only natural, resistance was met with, especially from the eminently powerful spiritual elements of the German hierarchy. And the goal which was sought remained very far distant."

An admission such as this, of the secular origin of the Reformation, from an author like Ranke, cannot but be regarded as exceedingly important. But, the truth is, that he far understates the real extent of the evidence that such was its character. As far as it is possible to judge from externals, the private history of the states of Germany goes to shew, that the adoption of the reformed religion was, in almost every instance, but a new form of the political opposition to the imperial authority which the territorial princes had maintained for years before. It would be tedious to enter here into the proofs of this fact, which has been too completely overlooked in considering the origin of the Reformation. Perhaps at some future period we may enter into the question. For the present, it will be enough to observe, that with almost the sole exception of Bavaria (which, indeed, was otherwise identified with the imperial interest), the minor states of Germany took that side in the great religious division of the empire which precisely tallied with their political interests and views. It is difficult to recollect that the leaders of the Reformation were, the Electors of Saxony, the Dukes of Lunenburg, the apostate grand-master of the Teutonic knights, the newly-created Duke of Prussia, the Landgraves of Hesse-Cassel, the Princes of Anhalt, and (except the first in succession after the Reformation, Joachim) the Margraves of Brandenburg,* as well as the cities of the empire;—it is difficult to recollect this striking fact, and to believe, at the same time, that this coincidence of secular and religious interests was, in so many and so varied instances, purely and entirely accidental.

We must pass over the history of the Elector Frederic William,—although it is, in some respects, the most important period of the Prussian annals,—in order to come to the more brilliant reign of Frederic I., the founder of the Prussian monarchy. Ranke's account of his economical and financial measures, and particularly of the great and vital changes in the tenure of land which he introduced, is exceedingly interesting. The personal sketches of Frederic himself, of his queen Sophia-Charlotte, and of the distinguished literary members of their court, are striking enough, but contain little that is new. There is one, however, which we are tempted to extract.

"It was under her eyes that the theological controversies, which, if they no longer shook the world, continued to occupy men's minds,—were multifariously, and by no means superficially discussed.

"Sometimes the confessor of King Augustus of Poland,

* Joachim I., Margrave of Brandenburg, a zealous Catholic, is an exception; but his son and successor, Joachim II., falls into the rule.

Father Maurice Vota, a most experienced spiritual diplomatist, appeared at the court of Berlin, and indeed, as his memoirs prove, not without a hope of converting the king and queen. He was a Jesuit, and a man of the world; endowed with the most varied knowledge; advanced in years, but of a liveliness of perception which put younger persons to shame. The queen had a great liking for him; she used to invite him, with one or the other Protestant preacher,—with one only every time, in order to avoid confusion,—and followed up their arguments with great attention. They might begin to discuss whether St. Peter had been at Rome; then talk over the primacy of the Roman See, the immunities and privileges of the priestly order, until they arrived at the existing differences in the Romish Church, as for instance, the conduct of the Pope in the affair of the Jansenists. One of the principal ideas of Vota was, that a reunion of the Church, based upon the foundation of the doctrine of the fathers and of the old councils, might be hoped for. When Beausobre or Lenfant objected to him, that the Greek fathers also had not always understood the language of the Scripture, and had mingled many extraneous and new Platonic opinions with their doctrines, he got into a holy wrath, which suited him exceedingly well."

However, it is in the history of the reign of Frederic William I. that Ranke best displays the peculiar characteristics of his genius as a historian. It is under this monarch that the character of the Prussian monarchy, as a great Protestant counterpoise for the influence of the Catholic power in the hands of Austria, first received its full development. But what will please the general reader more, is the minuteness with which he enters into the personal history of this singular monarch. The great puzzle of his character has hitherto been the relation which he maintained towards the members of his family, and especially towards the crown-prince, his son. On this subject Ranke has brought together a vast deal of interesting matter. We cannot refrain from extracting, from his account of the negotiations regarding the double English marriage which was contemplated between the family of the Prussian king and that of George I., the following sample of the disgraceful mysteries of state-craft, as developed in the course of the negotiations.

"But it is also quite incredible to what lengths the other party went, that they might keep the king on their side. Seckendorf had entirely gained over the daily and most intimate companion of the king, General Grumbkow; and the two maintained with Reichenbach, the Prussian resident in London, a connexion in which there is something exceedingly objectionable. This Reichenbach,—who once boasts of his being without ambition, but who was also without any sense of honour,—not only kept up a direct correspondence with Seckendorf, in which he informed him of every thing that was done in England with regard to the marriage, and told him that he could as well trust in him as in himself; but, what is still worse, he received instructions from Grumbkow how he was to write to the king, and then he composed his despatches according to his directions. It is hardly conceivable that these letters should not have been destroyed, yet they have been found among the papers of Grumbkow after his death. Reichenbach, who played a subordinate part, but who considered himself as the third in this league, gave directions as to what in support of his despatches was to be personally suggested to the king. It was their system to represent to him, that England merely intended to treat Prussia as a province, and was going to surround him with such a clique that he could not move a hand;—representations to which Frederic William was also otherwise most keenly alive."

And again:

"But Hotham, when about to take his leave, did an indiscretion which must have caused fresh confusion.

"On the 10th of July he had his farewell audience, in which he was to present his successor *ad interim*, Guy Dickens. All went off as well as possible, and the king shewed himself in good spirits and in good humour, when Hotham pulled out a letter, which he wanted to produce as a sequel to the Reichenbach correspondence, which had been complained of before. It was in Grumbkow's handwriting, who spoke in it with contempt of the opening of private letters, as was practised by the English court. Grumbkow had written it with the very purpose that it might be opened and read. This letter Hotham handed to the king, hoping to ruin Grumbkow, as he also had effected the recal of Reichenbach. But he must have been inexpert indeed in the art of negotiation. Had he only reflected a little, he could not but have foreseen that he would produce exactly the contrary effect upon the excitable prince. It was not quite so unusual at the European courts to ask for the recal of an ambassador. Frederic William had at that time

overcome a natural repugnance, and yielded. But it affected him in a very different manner when it was attempted to overthrow by the same odious means the minister of his secret affairs, who was most about his person. Was it not evident now, after all, that they wished to meddle with his own concerns, and to dictate laws to him within his own house,—the most hateful thing which he could imagine on earth. He flung the letter on the ground, turned his back upon the ambassador, and left the room.

"It was reported at the time, that the king had raised his foot against Hotham, as if he wanted personally to insult him, and afterwards all but asked his pardon. The one as well as the other is exaggerated.

"As the ambassador hinted, that what had happened affected not less his sovereign than himself, the king declared so much the more emphatically, that the sacred person of the majesty of Great Britain had nothing to do with the matter, but the Chevalier Charles Hotham alone. Yet he wished not to part in unkindness even from the latter. He caused him to be asked, whether he would consider it as a satisfaction if he were once more invited to the royal table. But Sir Charles set forth quite different pretensions. The king should, in another audience, accept the letter which he had before flung on the ground, and promise to institute an inquiry about the affair, in which case Hotham indeed would have appeared to be in the right. When this was not granted him, he preferred to leave the court without having taken farewell. Frederic William, thereby exasperated afresh, sent word to the king of England that this ambassador was not fit, either by his disposition or his conduct, to maintain the good understanding between the two courts."

The reader, however, will naturally feel more anxious about Ranke's manner of dealing with the quarrel of the king with his son, afterwards the celebrated Frederic the Great, and with that curious episode in the domestic history of kings, his attempted runaway. It is told with great spirit and brilliancy; but the account does not appear to contain any new particulars. We can find room but for one passage,—the execution of the unfortunate youth Katte, who had been the intended companion and abettor of his flight.

"Katte appealed once more, in a long and detailed letter, to the mercy of the king. He accuses himself in it of youthful indiscretion, and of deviation from the path of duty; yet his infatuation, free from secret designs, his heart, actuated by love and pity, called for mercy: a withering tree was spared still awhile, but he was already putting forth new shoots of faith and loyalty. The king, however, proved inflexible. He sent him word that it was better that he should die, than that justice should depart from the world. It was settled in his mind that Katte should, in the fortress of Cüstrin, before the eyes of the prince, have his head cut off.

"This order of his was carried into execution on the 6th of November.

"Early in the morning Frederic was apprised of what he was doomed to see. He requested that they should wait, and send a message by a courier to the king, that he (the prince) would submit to death, or to renunciation, or, what was worse than either, to imprisonment for life, if his friend were spared. Who would, however, have ventured to stop the execution, which had been positively ordered, and was already on the point of taking place? At seven o'clock a detachment of the garrison was marched to the rampart, and formed in a circle round the spot where Katte was to be beheaded. Soon afterwards, the culprit was brought up by another detachment of the *gens d'armes* of the guards, to which he belonged. As soon as Katte saw that there was no more mercy for him, he had opened his whole soul to the consolations of religion. The preacher had persuaded him that he was led this painful way for his salvation. He now appeared calm and determined. It is quite true that the place of execution was immediately below the windows of the prince, over the Mühlenpforte (Mill-gate), near the guard-house. Katte was already standing in the midst of the circle, and they were just going to read out his sentence, when the prince, who was obliged to appear at the window, called out to him, begging that he would pardon him. Katte answered, that he knew of nothing that he had to pardon him for. He himself took off his cravat, and turned his face towards the prince, fixing his eyes upon him. Thus he wished to die. At this sight Frederic fell into a swoon. When he recovered, all was over. The head and body of the corpse, placed together, were still lying on the ground. He would not leave his window, until, in the afternoon, some citizens made their appearance, who put the dead body into a coffin, and removed it. Even then, until evening, he would not withdraw his eyes from the spot. During the night he was heard talking to himself; and on the following morning he said that the king

had not been able to take Katte from him, as his friend stood incessantly before his eyes.

"When the same clergyman who had prepared his friend for death appeared in his prison and began to speak with him about religion, the thought occurred to his mind that he too was doomed to follow in the same way, in a week or a fortnight.

"It would be difficult to calculate the effect which such an event—this violent struggle to escape from an oppressive and galling condition, and, after its failure, the redoubled stringency of those stubborn but necessary conventional rules by which society is held together; the sight of his friend falling as their victim; and the fluctuation between life and death—must have produced upon a mind capable of great enterprise, but as yet not quite formed, and still striving for its development.

"It seems remarkable to me, that in the whole course of the trial not a word of hatred, nor a trace of any political design, is to be detected. How different a case from that of Don Carlos, in Spain, who in his feverish excitement spoke of the murder of his father; or from that of the Russian Alexis, who cherished the design of undoing every thing that his father had done, and considering the latter as the oppressor of the country, and himself as its born liberator, did not wish to inherit the empire from him, but to be installed in it by the Emperor Charles VI. In the present case, a political design could at most be attributed to the father, who was determined to put an end for ever to the attempts made from foreign countries to meddle with the affairs of his house and with his policy."

With this extract we must for the present close. When the remaining parts of the translation shall appear, we shall resume our notice. The history of the reign of Frederic is one which cannot fail to possess a special interest when treated by such a pen as Ranke's; and we shall then find an opportunity of noticing in detail some of his opinions at which we have but glanced in the present paper.

TAYLOR'S NOTES FROM LIFE.

[Second notice.]

WE have a criticism to make on one of our author's illustrations (p. 44), where, speaking of the Pope's washing the feet of some poor pilgrims annually in Holy Week, he says that "the ceremony, if it be held to typify humility, should at the same time be understood to be typical of the *easiest* of all humilities." He seems to forget that the act, though simply typical on the part of the Pope, is yet that very act which our Lord Himself performed to symbolise the highest form of humility, to be "an example" to his disciples of what should be their spirit towards their brethren, and to serve as a preface to his delivering to them his "new commandment" of love. On the other hand, were "the same personage," as he suggests, "to hold the stirrup of an emperor," such an act would be inconsistent with his official character; as, typically considered, it could but be expressive of the subserviency of the spiritual authority to the temporal. In the former case, indeed, the typical act of the Pope might be performed by the proudest man, and need imply no personal humility; but in the latter, the "proceeding" which he considers "would be typical of another degree of humility," since it could amount only to a mean derogation from the sacred dignity of his office, would never be submitted to by the humblest. We do not therefore think our author's illustration a happy one, though we fully coincide with the principle which it is intended to exemplify.

There is a vivacity and a charming homeliness pervading all this grave moral dissertation, which contrasts pleasantly and combines most naturally with the seriousness and downright earnestness of the writer. His thoughts on "Choice in Marriage" are peculiarly characterised by this gay gravity of style and plain-speaking sincerity. This and similar subjects the writer treats with a noble disdain of that mock refinement and indelicate fastidiousness which are the signs of an effeminate or corrupt mind, or the results at least of a conventional affectation, from which our literature, as we hope, is fast being purified. He would convince the vicious, if not of the wickedness, yet of the folly and uselessness of resisting the ordinances of God and the laws of society, and reasons with the calculating man

of the world on his own grounds.* What a quiet undercurrent of severe morality runs beneath the following remarks, which yet convey the best worldly-wise advice to such as they concern!

"Wealth and worldly considerations have a good deal to do with the choice made in most marriages; and though the taste which is under these influences will not be supposed to be very high, yet if it cannot be elevated, better that a man should take the lower course to which it points, than aim at what is above him. If his mind be habitually involved in worldly interests and pursuits, he has no right to suppose that by stepping aside from them on a single occasion, even though it be the most important of all occasions, he can place himself in a different order of beings, or bring himself into harmony with what is high and free. What he has to do is to emancipate his mind if he can; but if not, to marry according to the conditions of his slavery. For if he marries from a mere impulse of his higher mind, whilst he is still in habitual subjection to the lower, the impulse will pass away, whilst the habit stands fast, and the man will find that he has introduced a discord into his life, or rather that he has composed it in the wrong key. The man who marries for money has one advantage over those who marry for other considerations; he can know what he gets; if he can feed upon husks and draff, it is competent to him to see that his trough is filled."

How valuable, again, the counsel which he offers to parents and children in that conflict of duties, the difficulty of which is increased a hundredfold by the strong opposing passions which are engaged in the struggle; "often one of the most perplexing problems in human life," even to the cool disinterested adviser, viz. "to determine to what length parental opposition should proceed in preventing the marriage of a child; and, on the other hand, at which point, or under what circumstances, the resistance of the child becomes not only justifiable, but an act of duty."

"A moderate opposition can seldom do harm, unless there be positive perversity in the parties opposed, so that opposition shall be in itself a provocative to folly. Such perversity apart, a moderate opposition will suffice to set aside a weak love, whilst it will tend to consolidate a strong one; and it will thus act favourably in either case, so far as regards that most essential element in all such matters, the weakness or strength of the affection. In respect of an opposition beyond this, it seems hardly possible to generalise, the qualities of the persons and the specialities of the cases being so all-important. In extreme youth, obedience should be the rule of the child; but so soon as the child shall have attained to a fair maturity of judgment, there is a moral responsibility for the just exercise of that judgment which must not be overlaid by an exaggerated notion of filial duty. Of the members of a family it is for the benefit of all that each should act upon each with some degree, though with very different degrees, of controlling influence. The sons and daughters, when children no longer, are to demean themselves towards the parents with humility, deference, and a desire to conform, but not with an absolute subjection of the judgment and the will. On the question of choice in marriage, as on other questions on which both child and parent are personally concerned, if the child presumptuously conceive that his judgment is mature when it is not mature, or that it is worthy to be weighed with his parents' when it is not worthy, he is culpable of course, being chargeable, not with mere error of judgment, but with the sin of presumption. On the other hand, if, in all humility of heart and desire to be dutiful, he shall nevertheless clearly perceive, or think he perceives, that his judgment is the juster, and is guided by higher, purer, and more righteous views of life, it behoves him, after much patience and the neglect of no endeavour to bring about a coincidence of judgment, to resist his parents' judgment and give effect to that which he conceives to be better; and this for his parents' sake as well as for his own. We all need resistance to our errors on every side. 'Woe unto us when all men shall speak well of us!' and woe unto us also, when all men shall give way to us! It may be a sacred duty on the part of a child to give a helpful resistance to a parent, when the parent is the more erring of the two; and the want of such resistance, especially on the part of daughters (for they are more prone than sons to misconceive their duties of this kind or to fail in firmness), has often betrayed a parent into fatal errors, followed by life-long remorse. Women, in a state of exaltation from excited feelings, imagining because duty often requires self-sacrifice, that when they are sacrificing themselves they must needs be doing their duty, will often be capable of

* The present work has none of that "sub-sarcastic vein" which, as he says in his preface, was so little understood in a former publication, the "Statesman," that "what was meant for an exposure of some of the world's ways, was very generally mistaken for a recommendation of them."

taking a resolution when they are not capable of undergoing the consequences with fortitude. For it is one sort of strength that is required for an act of heroism; another, and a much rarer sort, which is available for a life of endurance."

The observations which the writer makes on the previous and higher duty of parents to procure for their daughters the society of those with whom they would not be unwilling they should form an attachment, are marked with his usual honesty and practical common sense. He does not scruple to say that a good deal of management for this end is a duty on their part.

"It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable), or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment."

The principles laid down on the management of children are, in many respects, in direct opposition not only with the theories of a past generation, but with the popular quasi-religious doctrines of the present day. Not only does the writer scout the almost exploded notion that children are to be argued into submission, and have the why and the wherefore of all they are bid to do explained to them before they obey; but he maintains, that children are to be punished, not as in cool blood, but with something of heat and indignation. His remarks on this point are admirable.

"Moral disapprobation on the part of parents towards children (as indeed on the part of men towards men throughout all relations of life) should not operate mechanically, bringing with it, like a calculating machine, a proportionate evil to be suffered as a consequence of every evil act. It should operate according to its own human nature, as a matter of emotion, not only bringing an evil to be suffered, but a moral sentiment to be recognised and taken to heart—a passion which should strike upon the moral sense. According to the nature of the child and of the fault, the emotion should be sometimes more of sorrow than of anger, sometimes more of anger than of sorrow. But it were better for the child's conscience that there should be some errors of emotion, than that punishments should be cold and dry. A parent should 'be angry and sin not'; that is, the anger should be a just and moral anger, and grave and governed; but at the same time it should be the real anger of flesh and blood, and not the mere *vis matrix* of an instrument of discipline. In this way the moral sentiments of the parent, if they be virtuous, generous, and just, will be imparted to the child; for it is a truth never to be lost sight of in the treatment of our children, that their characters are formed, not by what we do, think, or teach, but by what we feel and by what we are."

The writer is acute enough to perceive (pp. 132-138) that there must be a season of danger to the religious faith of a child, when he first discovers that what has been taught him authoritatively by his parents must be ultimately referred to the bar of his own private judgment; and he suggests, as he thinks, the only possible remedy. Conceiving, as he does, that doctrines are mainly valuable on account of their tendency to produce certain states of moral feeling, he considers there would be better assurance of a child's retention of "religious truths, or what the parent believes to be religious truths," in a diligent culture of those feelings, than in any regular dogmatic instruction. And this would be all very true, if such were the sole value of doctrines; we might either trust to their following as a matter of course, or indeed, if the "vital principle" were secured, we might neglect the "organic structure" altogether as of little consequence. We must do Mr. Taylor the justice to allow that he considers there is a necessary connexion between the two, though, from the nature of his religious belief, he virtually denies the existence of objective as distinct from speculative truth. But the Catholic, who holds an objective creed, which is not a mere collection of opinions, but a system of divine life-giving verities, whereby the spiritual life

of the soul is nourished, along with a careful moral training commits to his child a "form of sound words," as food for his faith, not as employment to his intellect. Thus there is no shock or break in the child's course; the faith of the child is the faith of the grown man; the venerable and loving aspect of God as a Father is not exchanged for a mere intellectual abstraction; although the child's accompanying imaginations will fall off like other "childish things," the "Sovran Presence" will always be a Personal God. We do not tax Mr. Taylor with any substitution of a mere sublime abstraction for the personal worship of the Blessed Trinity—far from it; but we do think that such a course in the religious education of a child as he recommends, would leave the mind unprotected from pantheism and other fatal forms of unbelief. We impute the error to the difficulties incidental to the author's religious position, and to the fact of his possessing a mind too deep and too truthful not to see, confess, and grapple with those difficulties. Nor do we quarrel with him for not finding a solution which is nowhere to be discovered short of the Catholic Church.

The greatest beauties, as well as the highest order of writing, are to be found in the fourth and last essays, which are full of the deepest thoughts and loftiest sentiments. We should hardly convey a just idea of the volume, unless we gave a specimen of this part of the work. It is taken from the essay on "Wisdom," out of the midst of passages of great richness and strength, with which it forms so integral a connexion, that it is with reluctance we tear it apart.

"The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion—of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by love to wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect; for love cannot exist without solicitude, solicitude brings thoughtfulness, and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed; providentially let us rather say, for Providence has no more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart. Wisdom by impulse, then, is to be trusted in by those only who have habitually used their reason to the full extent of its powers in forming the heart and cultivating the judgment, whilst, owing to its constitutional deficiency or to its peculiarity (for the reason may be unserviceable from other causes than deficiency), they are conscious that their judgment is likely to be rather perplexed than cleared by much thinking on questions on which they are called upon to act or decide. Those in whom the meditative faculty is peculiarly strong will often find themselves in this predicament; witness Christopher Herve's complaint:

"One while I think; and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.*"

And they whose deliberative judgment is weak and indecisive from a natural debility of the reason, may act from impulse, and even though the consequences be evil, may be held to be wise according to their kind; for the course they took may have been the wisest for *them*, being founded upon a just measurement of the insufficiencies of their understanding. And those who can take this just measurement, and holding their opinions with due diffidence, yet act in love and faith and without fear, may be wise of heart, though erring in judgment; and though not gifted with intellectual wisdom, may yet be deemed to have as much understanding as innocence has occasion for."

On the whole, Mr. Taylor has, in our judgment, produced a work of rare excellence—a collection of moral essays, which are essentially religious, and yet free from all religious phraseology. He has avoided the two dangers to which writers of this class are especially subject, of either, on the one hand, leaving their proper province to preach a sermon, or, on the other, of forgetting that Christianity is come into the world, and treating of morality as a mere pagan might have done. Mr. Taylor never forgets that he is a Christian, though he does not obtrude it upon us; he does not employ the precepts and motives of the Gospel merely by way of appendage or additional sanction of what he is urging

* The Synagogue, 41.

on moral grounds; but as treating of high practical philosophy, he is ever, as it were, running up, of necessity, into that which is the highest of all—Christianity, after the model of those Books of Divine Wisdom, which on the surface appear to contain mainly prudential maxims, which yet by their very loftiness are constantly blending and identifying themselves with the spiritual law of God.

Classical Studies: Essays on Ancient Literature and Art. With the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists. By Barnas Sears, President of Newton Theological Institution; and Professors Edwards and Felton. 8vo. Boston (America).

WE notice this volume, though not of very recent publication, because both its design and its subject are of novel character, and its merits in some respects considerable. It seems intended to encourage and promote the pursuit of classical literature, by shewing the devotion which gigantic intellects have not disdained to pay to it throughout long lives and amidst great trials; and this it does, not only by adducing their example, but by setting forth the advantages of the study, and the fascinating influence it exercises over the mind.

A large part of the work is occupied with the history of the progress of modern European scholarship, and with biographical notices of the principal professors, editors, and authors, who have contributed to its advancement in Germany and Holland during the past and present centuries. The Essays are chiefly translations and abridgments of lectures or addresses delivered by Professor Jacobs, on various philological topics. They are adapted for unlearned as well as learned readers, all Greek words being omitted, and nothing of verbal criticism or grammatical detail appearing in the compilation. Thus it forms, on the whole, a pleasing rather than an instructive book; very entertaining to a thoroughly classical mind, but not replete with that sort of practical information which is most adapted to the taste of the learner.

Not that we would by any means disparage these Essays. They are only what English scholars are apt to pronounce "very German;" that is, you arise from their perusal with confused ideas on a good many topics, but with the smallest conceivable array of tangible facts before you, in proportion to the time spent upon them.

The preface, however, is altogether excellent; it is a beautiful specimen of composition as well as of clear convincing argument. The necessity of the study of Greek and Latin literature, as the basis of a sound general education, is enforced by many conclusive reasons, and placed in several new and striking lights. The following may be taken as examples:

"Now, these great ancients have been, time out of mind, the teachers of the civilised world. They form a common bond, which unites the cultivated minds of all nations and ages together. He who cuts himself off from the classics, excludes himself from a world of delightful associations with the best minds. He fails to become a member of the great society of scholars; he is an alien from the great community of letters. He may be a learned man; he may have all the treasures of science at his command; he may speak the modern languages with facility; but if he have not imbedded his mind with at least a tincture of classical taste, he will inevitably feel that a great defect exists in his intellectual culture." (*Preface*, p. vi.)

We must add one more extract of great merit:

"No languages ever were, none ever will be, polished like the Greek and Latin. There is no similar instance in the ancient world. No such phenomenon will exist hereafter, because all the modern languages are necessarily undergoing rapid changes. The art of printing is as fatal to the perfection of the outward form in English or in German, as it is to the faultless calligraphy of the Persian scribe. Innumerable causes are at work to modify the German, a language which has some close affinities to the Greek. Should it cease to be, in some of the strange accidents of time, a spoken language, stopped in its mid career, like a stream from the Alps suddenly congealed by the frost, what motley forms would it reveal! How different from the two classical languages! About these there is a repose, a sculpture-like finish, a serenity, to which no modern dialect approaches. What a perfect correspondence between the thought and the expression! The writer does not stumble on a synonym, or a word somewhere in the neighbourhood of

that which was needed, like most modern authors, but hits the very word. We feel that it would be sacrilege to change it for another. In the best Greek writers, the collocation of words is wonderfully felicitous; not resulting from the laws of prosody alone, but from the musical soul of the writer. The Italian is called a beautiful language; but how unlike is its monotony to the endless variety of the Homeric hexameter, or the lofty rhythm of the Platonic prose!" (p. xiii.)

This is all most true: it may be believed, on hearsay, by all; but it can be *felt* and realised only by those who have devoted many long years to the study of these two wonderful languages. If the value of an accomplishment, and the credit of possessing it, are to be measured by the time necessary for its acquirement, then indeed a deep knowledge of Greek and Latin must rank among the first and greatest intellectual attainments. A deep knowledge, however, requires the profound study of half a life, combined with a peculiar genius for languages; great enthusiasm, inexhaustible patience, retentive memory, indefatigable research. Hence so many, dissatisfied with mediocrity, and conscious of a deficiency in some at least, if not in all, of these essential qualifications, either hesitate to enter upon the task, or become discouraged and discontented with the little progress they seem to have made, and so relinquish the matter altogether. This is very much to be regretted, especially as it makes the difficulty of securing good masters as great as that of meeting with enterprising scholars; since it is of course from the latter that the former are in succession supplied.

The correspondence in the present volume will disappoint those who expect to find in every brief and perhaps hurried note of a great man some bright scintillation of genius, or some profound observation. Generally, these letters contain accounts of literary undertakings, domestic or political details, and the private transactions of friendly intercourse. Probably they are less interesting to those who live in other times and other places than they would be to countrymen and contemporaries.

In one respect the volume before us deserves the highest praise. It is, throughout, a model of pure and fluent English composition; so much so, that a reader is struck with the finished elegance of the style in almost every page of the work. Take the following as a specimen. The beauty of the language must excuse the length of the extract.

"It is indeed true that ancient Greece has disappeared, as it were, from the borders which once encompassed her free and intellectual inhabitants. The life of the most excitable of all nations has died out. Their cities, once the centres of virtues unsurpassed, worthy dwelling-places of the gods, and rich gardens of every art, have sunk to dismal hamlets, in which a stunted and starveling race heedlessly build their huts upon the ruins of antiquity, without respecting, and generally without even remembering, the heroic age, to which the stones themselves still bear witness. The ancient rivers, some yet called by their former names, steal mournfully through a desolated land; the gods, that once dwelt on their banks and in their grottoes, have vanished; and the wondrous strains, which told the history of every fountain, hill, and woodland to the listening ear of a free and susceptible people, have died away. So, too, their vigorous and manly, their delicate and graceful language is heard no more, save in harsh discords; the language which once, almost in every form, enchanted the ear and heart, now drags itself through long and tedious works, with weakened tones, in loose constructions, deformed by foreign mixtures. But what the ancient land and its down-trodden inhabitants no longer supply, is still supplied in rich abundance by the reminiscences of her glorious past. The great deeds of Hellenic antiquity still bloom in all hearts; the remains of Grecian art are still the delight of the world, and their acquisition the pride of conquerors; the noblest minds still draw from the inexhaustible fountains of Grecian science; kindred spirits are still warmed by the fire of Grecian intellect; and as, whilome, the believing people sought instruction and consolation in the sanctuary of their oracles, so the nobler-minded man, when the present fails to allay his longings, still goes for solace and content to the quiet asylums of Grecian wisdom. Here, too, blooms the language still with the eternal charm of its youthful and manly beauty. And as the spirit of Hellenic antiquity reigns over the whole domain of modern art and science at large, so that higher perfection still breathes upon us from the language, and its enlivening breath, wherever it has been felt, has exalted the feelings, opened the blossoms of beauty, and ennobled the tones of speech." (*On the use of the Greek Dialects*, p. 270.)

This is excellent; correct, nervous, harmonious Saxon English. There is a cadence in the periods which shews consummate skill, and the passage is worthy of attention, as an example of good writing; though, as we have said, the style throughout the volume is particularly elegant.

Miscellaneous.

DR. HUGHES' SERMON

BEFORE THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

OUR readers will be interested in the following remarkable discourse, as an illustration of the manner in which the truth and doctrines of Christianity can be recognised before the chief assembly of a nation, in which there is no connexion whatever between any Church and the State. Apart from the intrinsic merits of the sermon, it must be looked upon as an expression of the opinion of one of the greatest Christian statesmen of the day, of the right mode in which religion ought to be introduced before an assembly of the most mixed character and of every conceivable variety of opinions. It was delivered by Dr. Hughes, the Catholic Bishop of New York, before the House of Representatives of the United States, on Sunday, December 12th, 1847. We need hardly say, that the character of Dr. Hughes as a prelate, a philanthropist, and a statesman, is of the highest order; and that it is not improbable that he will be sent as plenipotentiary from the American Government for the settlement of its affairs in Mexico.

The portion of the holy Scriptures which I am about to read is found in the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, beginning with the 20th verse. "Then came," &c.

It is observed, Christian brethren, as something remarkable, that in all the records which the inspired writers have preserved of the life and the teachings of the Son of God upon earth, there appears to be scarcely one direct allusion to the outward condition of that fallen race which he came to raise and to redeem. Questions of government—questions of social right would seem to have been more urgent than they are now; and yet we cannot find one solitary direct principle or precept having the amelioration of these as the object of Jesus our Saviour. He did not appear surrounded with the pomp and the pretension of a reformer. He did not, in propounding those doctrines which involve the hope of the world, appeal to the sanction and to the support of public opinion. He did not even sustain his maxims by any lengthened train of reasoning, although he sometimes condescended to illustrate his meaning by reference to parallels and usages familiar to the people; and yet I shall not say too much when I add, that all the amelioration that has taken place in the history of man, and all the elements by which it may still be promoted, are contained in the divine lessons which our blessed Saviour inculcated in reference to another and a brighter and a better world than this. He took occasion to convey one of those lessons from that manifestation of man's nature, which came before him in the incident recorded of the Evangelist, in the passage which I have just read. The poor mother, with the affection and the pardonable ambition natural to the maternal heart, wanted to secure in time a place of distinction for her sons, who had already attached themselves to his teachings, and were numbered amongst his disciples; and when their application was made known, the other ten, by a manifestation of another attribute of fallen human nature, exhibited symptoms of their indignation and jealousy. They were filled, says the text, with indignation at the two, because as yet the true light of Christian faith had not taken effect in their breasts—because as yet their spirits were in the condition of our first parent, when God fashioned him out of the mould of the earth, with all his features and all his corporal faculties ready, but whilst as yet the breath of life had not been breathed into him in the character of a living soul. So it was with their spiritual nature; and, notwithstanding the divine teachings, they could not raise their minds above the low distinctions which constituted the object of ambition on the one side, and the object of jealousy and indignation on the other. From this our divine Saviour takes occasion to speak; and in his gentle rebuke, and his comprehensive instruction, he touched upon that principle which has ever been, and ever will be, when indulged in, the enemy of social happiness, and the enemy of equal and just rights in the world. He referred to the nations of the earth at that time without rule, or restraint, or limitation to supreme power. He said, "You know how they lord it over their subjects; but as for you" (addressing not the future lords of the temporal condition of man, but addressing those who were to be the ministers and the founders of that other and better

kingdom which he came to establish upon earth) "whosoever will be the greater among you, let him be your minister." Thus he impressed upon his followers the necessity of imposing upon themselves the wholesome restraints of self-denial and humility. Beloved brethren, it was at quite a late period of the week that I was honoured with an invitation which I prize so highly to address you from this place. I had already consented to speak elsewhere, where my presence would be more natural and more expected; and for that place I had prepared, by reflection, some remarks on a subject which I should not deem suitable on the present occasion; for I should feel that I answered but ill to a compliment so much to be valued, if I could obtrude upon you any reflections or arguments upon those doctrinal subjects which to too great an extent have divided the Christian world.

Allow me, then, to make some reflections upon *Christianity and its Author, as containing and setting forth the germ of moral, social, and political regeneration in this fallen world of ours*. For, whilst I admit it as true that our divine Saviour seemed to regard those mighty things which occupy the whole soul of men, even of wise and benevolent men, as if he would do them sufficient justice by leaving, in the language of the inspired text, "the dead to bury the dead," yet they were by no means unprovided for in his teachings. The object of his mission upon earth was of a higher and a holier character than the mere settlement of human government. Man had incurred the enmity of his Maker by disobedience. Man had forfeited the inheritance for which God had originally created him; and Jesus Christ, in fulfilment of the first object of his mission, came as peacemaker between the offended Creator and Supreme Lord and his rebellious and disobedient creature and subject. But yet, whilst, as it is remarked by a writer on laws, the direct object of Christ appears to have had reference to another world, it is singular that its indirect consequences seem to constitute the only true ground of hope and of happiness, even in the affairs of this world. And it is in that point of view that I would invite your attention to two or three reflections; the first of which will be, the condition of human nature, and especially its condition at the period when the Son of God appeared as man: not only to ransom our race by the infinite merits of his atonement and redemption, but also to re-establish and open anew the communication between the immortal soul of man and God, who is its eternal author. This was the direct object of his mission: and we are not to doubt that all those things which appear to us so mysterious, so inexplicable, so incomprehensible, that sometimes we seem to derive rather the elements of scepticism from them; that all those things, in the all-wise providence of God, are susceptible of explanation, and fall into harmony with the general designs of his providence. The second reflection will be the principles by which that amelioration, when it has taken place, has been achieved; and the third, the application of those principles, so far as they have been applied to the mere transitory, social, and political condition of mankind.

If I speak first, then, of the condition of human nature, I speak from the conclusions to which every mind has come, that is familiar with the achievements of man, unaided by the light of divine revelation, and unwarmed in his heart by the love which Jesus Christ brought from heaven, and breathed, as the spirit of life, into that society which was founded on the basis of that doctrine. We find man accomplishing in Greece and Rome, what constitute, at this day, objects of our astonishment and admiration; and yet, both in Greece and Rome, with all the superiority of his intellect, either bowing down to gods, the creatures of this earth, and sometimes of his own hand, or worshipping abstract deities, whose history was made up of vices, the very imitation of which would have corrupted a pure nation, instead of their being models to elevate, by imitation of the virtues that Deity ought to exhibit. And why is all this? It involves a contradiction; that contradiction still subsists in our nature. It is the contradiction by which man is susceptible, under certain circumstances, of such heroic and noble virtues, and by which, on the other hand, he is subject to such degrading and brutifying vices. It is the aspiration, unbounded, of the soul; in which, even on this earth, if you watch its course, not all the wealth that it possesses can reach the measure of his avarice; not all the honours can reach that of his ambition. The origin of this enigma, Revelation has made known. But even if Revelation had been silent, that which the ancient philosophy of Greece surmised with good reason, becomes manifest, that man, the compound of contradictions, never could have come originally from the hand of an infinitely wise and perfect God in that condition. There must have been a catastrophe; and revelation comes to teach us what that was; and in order to understand the history of man and the object of the incarnation of the Son of God, taking upon him our nature for our redemption, we have one original, but almost mysterious key; that key is man's revolt against God's government. It is asked sometimes by

unreflecting minds, who are puzzled by this strange exhibition of our nature, why was it that God left such awful consequences dependent upon the creature whom he had just formed? The answer is such as we may give, according to the limited measure of our knowledge; for when we speak of God, and of God's dealings with the universe and its inhabitants, we must speak within the limits of our capacity—we have no measure to comprehend God. Our capacity is limited, and according to that small measure only are we permitted to speak; and whilst we admit still the existence of the mystery, we may present a reasonable solution of the difficulty here suggested. It is this: God is alone the Supreme Governor—the alone eternal, independent, infinite Being. Conceding these attributes, we must admit that consistently with them, God could not create any being, and especially a rational being, endowed with the attributes of man's spiritual nature, and leave him independent, as if he were to be another God.

There is no work of God that is independent of its supreme Author, or of his rule, or of his government; and accordingly, though the seasons may have been altered and the earth deformed in consequence of man's disobedience, we yet trace, as we may, with great gratification, the obedience of all things else to the government of their glorious Creator. If you turn your eyes upon the heavens, you perceive with what regularity the starry host move on their appointed way. Day by day, and year by year—for ever and ever—each twinkling lamp of heaven is in its place—all in the beautiful order which God appointed for their movements. The sun fails not to rise to enlighten and warm the earth at the appointed hour; and not for want of light, but from its exercise, when he sheds his effulgence on the earth, these stars seem to hide away. If you turn your eyes to the earth, the seasons—except in the mysterious order in which we have reason to believe that they were changed when man became a rebel—the seasons themselves come at the period appointed. The earth buds forth its myriads of flowers. The warm summer ripens up all that the fertile soil is destined to yield for the sustenance of man. Autumn furnishes the season for gathering, and repose is again furnished by the winter. If you look upon the ocean, you see the same unvarying obedience to the great Creator. In all material things, we see this harmony with the will of Him who called them into being. Man is the only exception to the universal order of obedience. And why is man the exception? Originally, we may say, that man, by the very dignity of his nature, could not yield obedience to God in the way in which it is manifested by material things. Earth and sky present a book in which God has traced, with his own hands, the evidence of his power and the glory of the Creator.

But that book does not comprehend itself. Man is necessary to read and interpret its contents. To him, man—created free, but not independent—God, even in the condition of his innocence, made known the law by which he was to shape his conduct, and admonished him of the penalty of the violation of that law. If it be said that God might have established man, so as to leave him without the power of rebellion, then what would have been the consequence? That man, with an immortal soul, with reason which can look abroad upon the works of God, and an imagination which can gather to its own chambers the majestic firmament itself, and then measure the distance, and comprehend the movements of the hosts of heaven, with almost god-like faculty of reason, and of memory and of will, would have been identified with gross material things. He would have been subjected with them to a law of necessity, such as that by which God governs all that is material in the world. If man had been thus created, how could he have rendered unto God homage and worship worthy of him? The obedience rendered by such a being would have been only like that of the tree which bends to the blast that agitates its branches. Man would then have been reduced to the condition of the puppet strung upon the wire, and not even a mortal throne would feel flattered by the mock homage of a machine so arranged that it could not avoid bowing in reverence to his greatness. God has, therefore, made man free, because it was requisite for the dignity of the nature bestowed upon him that he should render a voluntary homage to the Creator.

Being free, he necessarily had the power of disobedience; and there is the key which explains the other mystery—itsself, indeed, mysterious. There is that which accounts for the introduction of evil into the world. Because disobedience—a reversal of God's order by man's own power, itself an evil, having its origin at the cradle of our race, and receiving accumulations of guilt and familiarity with depravity in the progress of time—accounts for the condition of mankind. God declared that there should be penalties; and these penalties, as marked in the book of revelation—in the book of Genesis—were so far of the temporal order. Man should die—he should have to toil; and here we have the origin of sickness, and of disappointment and of deception, and of all the various

instrumentalities by which, oftentimes, man traces his pathway from the cradle to the grave. These are the consequences of man's disobedience. And then God seemed to have withdrawn, as it were, from the rebel man,—not altogether; for even our first parent beheld, through the tears of his repentance, one bright, but feeble ray of hope, on the horizon of the future; and his posterity, in the order of the patriarchs, were not forsaken of God. He communicated to them, from time to time, the purposes of his mercy; and he made them, in the first instance, to be the long-lived patriarchs—the rulers of their family and of their posterity; so that the same individual was a teacher of religion, a high-priest, and a king. But as their posterity increased, it became necessary to form the scattered families into an aggregate called a nation. And then God did not leave them; for there was his chosen people. He did not leave them to form, at their own caprice, the laws for their social and political government. He communicated their laws: he established their religion; he sent, from time to time, prophets to instruct them; and every thing bore, with concentrated gaze, upon a point of time future, and upon a Person on whose appearance the ransom and redemption of this fallen race were to be accomplished. As for the rest—the Gentiles—as the text declares them to have corrupted their way, they went forth, under the law of our nature, by which man is a social being, destined, by an unconquerable propensity of his heart, to associate with his fellow-creatures. Consequently, social forms of existence were necessary; but they were formed in the absence of divine light; and though reason, so called, was as powerful then as now—although what we term principles of natural justice should have been familiar—yet, if you look abroad upon the face of the earth, at the period at which our Saviour admonished his apostles, you will find nowhere this pretended religion of nature—nowhere that just or humane government, that the very promptings of the natural heart would seem to have dictated; but every where the multitude crushed to the earth under the iron hoof of irresponsible, absolute, despotic power.

If, then, as in our day, men sometimes reason against religion; and if they reason with singular acuteness, I will tell them that their reasoning, and the reasoning of those whom they vindicate or follow, is not a specimen of man's intellect, before it was taught and illumined by the light which God shed upon the world, through the religion of his divine Son. If you want to know what man's reason is in government and religion, and any of those things upon which reason founds the highest exercise of its powers, go to the period when human reason alone swayed the temporal destinies of mankind; and you will find man in Egypt bowing down to the ox, and worshipping the vegetables of the field, as regards religion; and you will find him, as regards government, not questioning—for he did not dare to question—his reason never aspired to the right of questioning—the arbitrary power which his rulers exercised with so relentless a despotism. Even Rome itself, with all its pretended freedom, had degenerated into a military despotism. It is in ameliorating this condition of things that the admonition of our divine Saviour began to have its operation and efficacy. He tells his apostles, for the correction of all this, that those who would be free, must begin by imposing restraints upon themselves. He insinuates that there is in the heart of man a natural selfishness; that that selfishness originates in the corrupted sources of his passions, and that He, at least in his own kingdom, would have his followers to restrain that selfishness; and so far from insisting upon pre-eminence, he declares that those who would best serve him must become first the servants of their fellow-beings. It was in this condition of the world, that our divine Saviour spoke; and though, as I have said, he did not seem to interfere with the governments of this world—whether they should be monarchies or republics—despotic or aristocratic—he treated not of those questions at all—yet we find in his teachings the germ of all that is great and glorious in the social and political condition of mankind. I do not say that it is, even now, what it ought to be, inasmuch as the Redeemer came, not to alter human nature, but to impart new powers for restraining its corruption by self-control—he came to infuse a new principle—he came to breathe a new spirit into those who would be guided by his light; and it is from this source that we may derive improvement in the social and political condition of the world.

It was necessary, beloved brethren, that man should be taught by authority. He had not discovered his duties by any appeal to his own breast. Until the appearance of Christ, the selfishness of his nature was the ruling law of his action. The opportunities that presented themselves for the gratification of that selfishness were always greedily seized on; and as for restraint, he knew none. If he questioned his own heart, it imposed no law of self-denial. On the contrary, it prompted him to the indulgence of his selfishness—to the gratification of his evil passions. There was, therefore, no restraint, and it was necessary that the authority of God should lay down those rules for the government of hu-

man conduct which God conveyed in his lessons to his disciples. These laws, whilst calculated to prove and exalt the individual man, were also adapted to the improvement and elevation of his race in their social character. Such was the religion which the divine Saviour came to teach. He appeared without pomp. His birth was humble and obscure. His lot was equally so. His death was an iniquity in those by whom it was perpetrated. Nevertheless, he was the promised One of the ancient prophets, upon whom the eyes of all antiquity, even from the darkness of paganism, with some faint recollections of primitive tradition, had rested for four thousand years. His coming was not an event which took the world by surprise. It had been anticipated. It was shadowed forth in the belief of the patriarchs, and in the religion of the Jewish people—so much so that his appearance was essential to confirm the truth of the same. They were, so to speak, Christians, but Christians having the object of their hope in the future, whilst we, on the other hand, for nearly two thousand years, have looked back with intense gaze upon his sepulchre, which the prophet declared should be glorious. He established the evidence of his mission from God by his miracles, so that man saw that in them was the teaching of their Creator and of their supreme Lord. Let us now ask, what was the sum of the Saviour's teaching? I speak not now of the mysteries which he revealed; nor yet of those doctrines which are the dogmata of faith; but I speak of the moral part of his teaching, which has its foundation in doctrine, whilst both morals and doctrine, to be of authority, must have God for their Author.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON PIUS IX.

FROM an article in the newly-published *Quarterly Review*, whose spirit we characterised in our last No., we extract the following passages, to shew what is felt and said by the enemies of the great Pontiff. It contains some little interesting information, to set against its undisguised dislike of Pius IX.

"The great difficulties that Gregory had now to encounter were fiscal. He was assisted, though sparingly, by the Church. Three lay commissioners, men of influence and practical knowledge, were invited to examine into the financial condition of the country, to report upon it and suggest a remedy. The plan proposed by these gentlemen would instantly have relieved the Pope from his most pressing difficulties; the regular clergy, with whom much capital lay dormant, were to be amerced in a large contribution. The project was submitted to the Sacred College; it was approved, but, at the same time, unhesitatingly rejected. The Pope himself, if the love of his order could have slumbered, was fully alive to a hint that the fate of Ganganelli might be his if the wrath of the conventual clergy were excited. From that moment he became the determined opponent of all extraordinary plans of taxation. The regular clergy, however, contributed something, and Cardinal Bernetti, the Secretary of State, a man of expedients, found no difficulty in raising a loan—the terms of which were so advantageous, however, to the lenders, that the minister's integrity did not escape suspicion. Torlonia and the Jew Rothschild were hailed as the saviours of the state; it was with this title that the Pope received and embraced his wealthy subject.

"Under the joint protection of France and Austria the Pope might repose in security, and resume those habits of indolence that constitute the charm of the cloister. But the vials of wrath were not yet poured out. Pestilence and famine were in store.

"Had his Holiness possessed those meek virtues which by some are supposed to belong to the cloister, he might now have exhibited them. If he could not head armies or unravel conspiracies—if he possessed not the talents of a financier or legislator, he could at least afford an example of piety and self-devotion. He could offer up his prayers for the general safety—he could watch over the welfare of his flock. Instead of this, he fled to Castel Gandolfo with his immediate attendants, and drawing a cordon round that residence, remained inaccessible to all, while the exhausted exchequer was further taxed for a large sum daily expended in an anti-pestilential machinery. The demon of fear seemed to possess his mind. The lofty walls of the Vatican gardens were raised still higher, and surrounded by moveable battlements. The secret passage, or 'Cavalcavia,' that connects the Vatican with the castle of S. Angelo, was re-opened and prepared for immediate use, in case Gregory, like another Clement, should ever require a retreat more secure than his fortified palace within the capital.

"More tranquil days returned; the personal fears of the Pope were assuaged; but his dread of reform and innovation, his aversion to business, and his general indolence remained undiminished—a disposition naturally timid grew more timid still. Feeble by advancing age and by habits of self-indulgence, he abandoned the cares of government to officials and

subordinates, and the patronage of it to his valet-de-chambre. The ministers in every department were men from whom the Pope thought he had nothing to dread, and from whom the people had nothing to hope—men equally devoid of birth, of talent, and of honesty—the creatures of the valet—men who had paid for their office, who were interested in the maintenance of abuses, who hastened with utter shamelessness to secure their fortune, admonished by the failing health of their patron that the time was short.

“Such was the state of confusion which Pius IX. was called on to remedy; but the task was difficult and displeasing. He saw more ill than he could amend, and his good feelings made him loath to punish the culprit, even where he could effect no remedy without doing so. The act of amnesty with which he began was too general to be just, and a measure, at best, of very doubtful prudence:—he was rewarded, however, and stimulated onwards, by the applause of thousands. The corruptions of the state demanded reform, but true reform is slow and cautious. The freedom of the press, extorted rather from his weakness than from his judgment, soon produced deplorable effects. The periodical publications revelled in the newly acquired license, and neighbouring powers were irritated by the daily repetition of their malignant and unjust attacks. Another measure, pregnant with danger, was the organisation of the civic guard; this body, though inspiring no terrors to the Austrian grenadier, may successfully overawe the native government. Several of his acts have already proved that the Pope has doubted of the wisdom of those early measures; but how can he recede—how consent to endanger his dearly prized popularity? One of his own ministers, in former days considered as a hot Jacobin, has not hesitated (in the society of Englishmen) to lament the failure of repeated efforts to establish something like a Conservative press for the counteraction of flagrant calumnies of every sort—a most complete failure—never was one-sided impudence more triumphant! Another capital error is having invited ‘boards’ of his subjects to suggest schemes of administration, and to write pamphlets on political reform. We pay the Pope the compliment of believing him the most enlightened man in his dominions, and we certainly know of none that can counsel him. The Republicans smile. ‘Let him alone,’ said a noted reformer in a foreign country; ‘he is doing our work—give him but a reign of ten years, and he will be the last Bishop of Rome having temporal power.’ . . .

“The real right of citizenship in Rome is confined to a few. The ‘Trasteverini,’ or dwellers on the right bank of the Tiber, boast themselves the only legitimate descendants of the ancient Romans, and make good their claim by their haughty and insubordinate bearing. The Montagnoli, or inhabitants of the Viminal and Esquiline hills, are principally descended from the country people who sought refuge in Rome during the barbarous ages, and these emulate the Trasteverini in ignorance, in bigotry, and in lawlessness. It is with this class of his subjects that the Pope is ever most popular, whether, like Gregory, he seeks to stem the torrent of innovation, or whether, like Pius, he hopes to guide it. In these, however, centres the nationality of Rome. They are its true types. Handsome in person, picturesque in attire, they pass the day in idleness, muffled in cloaks and basking in the sun in winter, lying asleep on their faces in the shade in summer, and seldom rousing themselves but to drink in the wine-shops and gamble with their comrades. Desperate quarrels are the consequence of this life, and assassinations have never been scarce. The neighbouring church affords a safe asylum, where the criminal remains till he can effect his escape, if he is not rich enough to purchase his peace from the kinsmen of his victim—unless indeed these last can procure the order from the Grand Penitentiary to seize him within the sacred precincts.

“An intermediate class there is between the noble and the populace. This, the ‘mezzo ceto,’ consisting of unennobled proprietors, merchants, lawyers, and physicians, is the class amongst which the advocates of reform are principally to be found, and which has been represented sometimes, by those who are not familiar with it, as more intelligent and more respectable than the class of superior rank. There are besides a great many foreigners resident in Rome; together with a mixed population, composed of pensioners of the Church and of the higher nobles, of denizens, of refugees, and of a poorer sort of strangers, who come to the capital to follow those trades and perform those menial offices which the Romans are too proud to do for themselves. Such are the heterogeneous materials of which the population is composed. The most invincible prejudices exist among all these classes—prejudices which have never yet been eradicated, which forbid amalgamation, and frustrate all hope of constitutional government.

“Hitherto the whole scheme of polity had been to monopolise every branch of administration in the hands of the priesthood, and it was by the watchful care of this monopoly that the state had been enabled to exist. Pius IX. assailed this

system—and in doing so, we suspect he has evoked a spirit that neither his power nor that of his successors will be able to lay. We do not for a moment doubt that the public business will be as well conducted by laymen as by priests:—but how long will the lay ministers, governors, and magistrates be in discovering that it becomes them not to receive orders from an aged pontiff and an impotent presbytery? It is the opinion, we know, of many fervid Romanists, that if any method of preserving his independence could be discovered, the head of their Church would be more powerful without a territorial dominion at all—that he would be less under the influence of his great neighbours, and his attention would be more exclusively bestowed on ecclesiastical affairs. These, therefore, are surveying passing events with feelings into which we cannot enter. But, moreover, of Pius IX., in his capacity of head of the Church, we have observed still less to admire than in the administration of his temporal affairs. In the latter we give him full credit at least for the purest intentions:—but in his ecclesiastical capacity in Belgium and in Switzerland he has exhibited all the selfishness and arrogance of the Vatican at its worst period, and his recent interference with our Government scheme of education in Ireland (whatever may be that scheme’s particular merits) we must consider equally insolent and unpolitic.

“The invariable maxim of the Church of Rome has been to watch the bent and disposition of the age; to appear to lead, while in fact it follows; to enter into, and to render it subservient to the great aim of ecclesiastical supremacy. The spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was fierce, enthusiastic, and romantic. The crusades against the Saracens were devised by the clergy to rid Europe of its warlike and turbulent population; and the success was complete. Deserted Europe was abandoned to the priest, who availed himself of the opportunity to aggrandise his order. In more civilised times, when learning was revived, the churchman himself led the van in the crusade against ignorance; and if to a period of security a moment of danger succeeded which seemed to threaten the very existence of the papacy, the tide of the Reformation was stemmed by those uncompromising champions of error, the Jesuits. A pleasanter path was next opened for ambition; and the cautious priesthood found it easier and less invidious to dictate to the counsels of Europe through the invisible confessor, who occupied the closet of power, and alternately flattered the vices and excited the terrors of superstitious kings and queens, ministers of state, and their troops of favourites, male and female. But when this system, too, had had its day, the revolutionary spirit that had cut it short was not neglected by the Proteus-like churchman. The priesthood has acquired a power in France it failed to gain under the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, and the cause of the Roman tiara is advocated in Germany by the professed opponents of all secular authority. In Ireland, the audacious disaffection of the Romish masses has long been openly countenanced by a clergy, who have at least done nothing to check the bloody barbarism of their manners; and it is at the very moment when, although Irish crime had never before attained such a flagrancy. English resources had been lavished with the most unparalleled generosity in the relief of Irish poverty—it is at this very moment that a new Pope, his name trumpeted every where as synonymous with the cause of human freedom and social rights, dares to affront the monarchy of Great Britain by a direct interference with a detail of its internal legislation. Nay, it is at the same moment that this misguided Pontiff has ventured to carve England herself anew into Romish dioceses, and nominate one of the cunningest of Jesuits (we care not to ask whether or not he belongs to the actual Order of Jesus) to the Primacy of England, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster.”

WHY PEOPLE SPEND MONEY.—“A Frenchman uses his money to buy with it something which he desires; a Spaniard, to shew his indifference to such beggarly considerations; a German, to satisfy his wants; an Italian, to enjoy the novelty; an Irishman, to get rid of the incumbrance; a Scotchman, to gain more in return; but an Englishman spends it to shew he has it.”—*Sterling.*

ANCIENT USE OF ARCHITECTURAL FORMS IN DOMESTIC FURNITURE.—A HINT TO MEDIAEVALISTS.—At a recent meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Professor Willis made some remarks on a clock, found in an old house near Royston, but now in the museum of the Society, for which it had been purchased by the private subscriptions of a few of the members. He considered it to have been made in the time of Henry VIII., but not in England. The works having an escapement and pendulum, could not be of that date, since a pendulum is believed to have been first applied to clocks in the year 1678. The case is in the form of a tower, with corner pinnacles. The parapet of the sides is ornamented with what is termed flamboyant tracery, formed of “pierced work.” On each side of the face is a pile of buttresses, supporting an ogee

arch, enclosing the clock-face, the space between which and the arch is filled up by a mass of most beautiful "stumped" tracery. As stumped tracery was not used in England or France, the professor supposed the clock was made in Germany, probably at Nuremberg. He dates it at about the year 1500. He remarked that this case, being ornamented with true Gothic mouldings, arches, and pinnacles, disproved Mr. Pugin's statement—that architectural forms were not to be applied to small domestic objects.

ANCIENT CHURCH DECORATION.—In the process of cleaning St. Peter's Church, Chester, some remains of what is vulgarly called "fresco-work" have been discovered. They are on the surface of one of the pillars near the south door, against which is now placed the font, and on which is an ancient niche, that was appropriated probably to a figure of the Saviour, and the holy water. The paintings surrounded the niche. The grooves in the pillar are painted vermilion, and the subjects are faintly described. According to the *Chester Courant*, that on the right of the font is the Annunciation, as the shepherds, sheep, and the angel are in tolerable preservation; on the left is a city, and above an angel, the subject only conjectural. It is proposed to restore them.

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

"A MAN once said, with an air of much self-complacency, 'I believe only what is proved.' Another answered, 'You seem to think this a merit; yet what does it mean, but that you believe only what you cannot help believing?'"

"The prose man knows nothing of poetry; but poetry knows much of him, nay, all that he knows of himself; and how much is that? as well as all that he does know, which indeed is little."

"There is a kind of catholicism of opinion, which honours truth in the same way as he who marries many contemporaneous wives honours marriage, or as the man honours property who appropriates as much as possible from his neighbours."

"Daily, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man. Unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into a freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air."

"Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon. But it is a poor exchange to give sunlight for starlight."

"Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them, while in truth the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face."

"There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist."

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